



In Recital

Shelley Roth, soprano

Jeremy Spurgeon, piano

Sunday, March 22, 2009 at 7:30pm
Holy Trinity Anglican Church
10037 84th avenue

PROGRAM

Dein blaues Auge
Die Mainacht
Ständchen

Johanna Brahms
(1833-1897)

Ach, ich fühl's

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Cantata No. 199

Recit – Mein Herze schwimmt im Blut
Aria – Stumme Seufzer, stille Klagen
Aria – Wie freudig ist mein Herz

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Intermission

Flow my tears
Time stands still
Fine knacks for ladies

John Dowland
(1563-1626)

Le charme
Le colibri

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

From: Colección de tonadillas

El tra la la y el punteado
La maja dolorosa número 3
El majo discreto

Enrique Granados
(1867-1916)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Roth.

Ms Roth is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Undergraduate), Wiebe Johnson Scholarship in Voice, Abigale Edith Condell Memorial Scholarship in Music, and Peace River Pioneer Memorial Scholarship in Music

Reception to follow

Texts and Translations

Dein blaues Auge

Dein blaues Auge halt so still,
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?
Ich sehe mich gesund.

Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
Noch smerzt das Nachgefühl:
Das deine ist wie See so klar
Und wie ein See so kühl.

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch die
Gesträuche blinkt
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den
Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet vom Laub girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wend
mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie
Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find ich auf
Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang herab.

Ständchen

Der Mond stet über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt und Geig und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: "Vergiß nicht mein!"

Your blue eyes

Your blue eyes hold so still;
I look into their depths.
You ask me what I want to see?
I see myself well again.

One blazing pair of eyes burned me;
the feeling from it still hurts.
Those – yours – are as clear as a lake
and, like a sea, so cool.

The May Night

When the silvery moon gleams through the
shrubby
and scatters its slumbering light over the
grass,
and the nightingale warbles,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves coos
their enchantment in front of me; but I turn
away –
I seek darker shadow.
And the solitary tear falls.

When, oh smiling image, which like the
sunrise
beams through my soul, shall I find you on
earth?
And the solitary tear
trembles more hotly down my cheek.

Serenade

The moon is above the mountain, just right
for people in love.
In the garden trickles a fountain;
otherwise, silence is far and wide.

By the wall in the shadows there stand three
students with flute and fiddle and zither;
and they're singing and playing to their
singing.

The sounds steal softly into the
most beautiful girl's dream;
she sees her blond sweetheart
and whispers, "Forget me not!"

Ach, ich fühl's

Ach, ich fühls, es ist verschwunden,
 Ewig hin der Liebe Glück,
 Nimmer kommt ihr, Wonnestunden,
 Meinem Herzen mehr zurück.

Sieh, Tamino, diese Tränen fließen,
 Trauter, dir allein.
 Fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen,
 So wird Ruh im Tode sein.

Mein Herze schwimmt im Blut

Mein Herze schwimmt im Blut,
 Weil mich der Sünden Brut
 In Gottes heilgen Augen zum Ungeheuer
 macht.
 Und mein Gewissen fühlet Pein,
 Weil mir die Sünden nicht als Höllenhenker
 sein.

Verhaßte Lasternacht!
 Du allein hast mich in solche Not gebracht!
 Und du böser Adamssamen raubst meiner
 Seelen alle Ruh,
 Und schließest ihr den Himmerl zu!

Ach! Unerhörter Schmerz!
 Mein ausgedorrt Herz will ferner mehr
 kein Trost befeuchten;
 Und ich muß mich vor dem verstecken,
 Vor dem die Engel selbst ihr Angesicht
 verdecken.

Stumme Seufzer, Stille Klagen

Stumme Seufzer, stille Klagen,
 Ihr mögt meine Schmerzen sagen,
 Weil der Mund geschlossen ist;

Und ihr nassen Tränenquellen könnt ein
 sicheres Zeugnis stellen,
 Wie mein sündlich Herz gebüßt.

Mein Herz ist itzt ein Tränen brunn,
 Die Augen heiße Quellen.
 Ach Gott! Wer wird dich doch zufrieden
 stellen?

Ah, I feel it

Ah, I feel it; it has vanished –
 forever gone, the happiness of love!
 Never will you, blissful hours,
 come back again to my heart.

See, Tamino, these tears flow,
 beloved one, for you alone.
 If you do not feel the longing of love,
 then peace will come to be in death.

My heart swims in blood

My heart swims in blood
 because the multitude of my sins
 makes me in God's holy eyes into a monster.
 And my conscience feels anguish
 because my sins are nought but hell's execu-
 tioners.

Hateful night of wickedness!
 You alone have brought me to such a pass!
 You wicked seed of Adam, rob my soul of
 all rest,
 and close heaven's doors on it.

Alas! Unheard of grief!
 My parched heart is now denied the dew of
 consolation;
 And I must conceal myself,
 before the one from whom the Angels
 themselves hide their faces.

Wordless sighs, secret laments

Wordless sighs, secret laments,
 you want to express my grief,
 because my mouth is closed.

And ye moist springs of tears can bear true
 witness
 to my sinful hearts repentance.

My heart is now a fount of tears,
 my eyes hot springs.
 Ah God! Who can satisfy thee?

Wie freudig ist mein Herz

Wie freudig ist mein Herz,
Da Gott versöhnet ist
Und mir nach Reu und Leid nicht mehr die
Seligkeit
Noch auch sein Herz verschließt.

Flow My Tears

Flow my tears fall from your springs,
Exiled for ever let me mourn:
Where night's black bird her sad infamy
sings,
There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights shine you no more,
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their last fortunes deplore,
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled,
And tears, and sighs, and groans
My weary days of all joys have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment,
My fortune is thrown,
And fear, and grief, and pain
For my deserts are my hopes since hope is
gone.

Hark you shadow that in darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light,
Happy, happy they that in hell feel not the
world's despite.

Time Stands Still

Time stands still with gazing on her face,
Stand still and gaze,
for minutes, hours and years, to her give
place.
All other things shall change,
but she remains the same,
Till heavens changed have their course,
and Time hath lost his name.

Cupid doth hover up and down blinded
with her fair eyes,
And fortune, captive at her feet,
contemned and conquered lies.

How joyful is my heart

How joyful is my heart,
now God is reconciled
and after rue and sorrow no longer denies
me blessedness
nor closes his heart to me.

Time Stands Still

When fortune, love, and time attend on
Her with my fortunes, love, and time I
honour will alone.
If bloodless Envy say Duty hath no desert,
Duty replies that Envy knows herself his
faithful heart.

My settled vows and spotless faith no
fortune can remove,
Courage shall show my inward faith,
and faith shall try my love.

Fine Knacks for Ladies

Fine knacks for ladies, cheap choice brave
and new,
Good pennyworths but money cannot
move,
I keep a fair but for the fair to view,
A beggar may be liberal of love,

Though all my wares be trash, the heart is
true.

Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts
again,
My trifles come, as treasures from my mind,
It is a precious jewel to be plain,
Sometimes in shell the orient's pearls we
find,

Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain.

Within this pack pins points laces and
gloves,
And divers toys fitting a country fair,
But in my heart where duty serves and loves,
Turtles and twins, court's brood, a heavenly
pair,

Happy the heart that thinks of no removes.

Le charme

Quand ton sourire me surprit,
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,
Mais ce qui domptait mon esprit
Je ne pus d'abord le connaître.

Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fondre,
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.

Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme,
Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais,
Qu'en voyant ta première larme.

Le colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair
Luire dans son nid tissé fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açoka rouge, aux odeurs divines,
S'ouvre et porte au cœur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir.

Sur la lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eût voulu mourir
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée!

El tra la la y el punteado

Es en balde, majó mio,
que sigas hablando,
porque hay cosas que contesto
yo siempre cantando.

Tra la la...

Por más que preguntas tanto,
Tra la la...

en mí no causas quebranto
ni yo he de salir de mi canto,

La la la...

The Charm

When your smile surprised me
I felt all my being tremble
But what had subdued my spirit
At first I could not know.

When your gaze fell upon me
I felt my soul melt,
But what this emotion might be,
At first I could not understand.

What vanquished me forever
Was a much sadder charm,
And I did not know that I loved you
Until I saw your first tear.

The hummingbird

The green humming bird, the king of the
hills, seeing the dew and the bright sunlight
shining on his nest woven from fine grasses
like a fresh ray, escapes into the air.

He hurries and flies to the nearby springs
where bamboos make a sound like the sea
where the divinely perfumed red hibiscus
unfolds the dewy brilliance of its heart.

To the gilded flower he descends, he hovers
and drinks so much love from the red cup
that he dies, not knowing if he has drained
it!

On your pure lips, o my beloved
my soul would also have wished to die
of the first kiss which perfumed it!

The tra la la and the plucking

It is in vain, my love,
that you continue talking,
because there are things that in answer
I am always singing.

Tra la la...

The more you ask so much,
tra la la...

in me you don't cause grief,
nor do I have to leave my song,
la la la...

La maja dolorosa número 3

De aquel majo amante que fue mi Gloria
guardo anhelante dichosa memoria.
El me adoraba vehemente y fiel.
Yo mi vida entera di a él.
Y otras mil diera
si él quisiera,
que en hondos amores
martirios son flores.
Y al recordar mi majo amado
van resurgiendo ensueños
de un tiempo pasado.

Ni en el Mentidero ni en la Florida
majo más majo paseó en la vida.
Bajo el chambergo sus ojos vi
con toda el alma puestos en mí.
Que a quien miraband enamoraban,
pues no hallé en el mundo
mirar más profundo.
Y al recordar mi majo amado
van resurgiendo ensueños
de un tiempo pasado.

El majo discreto

Dicen que mi majo es feo.
Es possible que sí que lo sea,
que amor es deseo que ciega y marca.
Ha tiempo que sé que quien ama no ve.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre
que por lindo decuelle y asombre,
en cambio es discreto y guarda un secreto
que yo posé en él sabiendo que es fiel.

¿Cuál es el secreto que el majo guardó?
Sería indiscreto contarle yo.
No poco trabajo costara saber
secretos de un majo con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapies.
¡Eh! ¡Eh! ¡Es un majo, un majo es!

The sorrowful maja No. 3

Of that great lover that was my glory
I keep a desirous, happy memory.
He adored me vehemently and loyally.
I my whole life gave to him,
and another thousand would I give,
if he wanted.
In deep love,
martyrs are flowers.
And upon remembering my beloved,
come reappearing illusions
of a time gone by.

Neither in Mentidero nor in Florida
a better majo walked in a lifetime.
Underneath his hat his eyes I saw,
with all his soul, placed on me.
That to whom they looked, they fell in love.
I have never found in the world
a look so deep.
And upon remembering my beloved,
come reappearing illusions
of a time gone by.

The discreet majo

They say my man is ugly.
It is possible that if he is,
that love is desire that blinds and upsets.
For a while I've known a lover doesn't see.

But if my lover is not a man
that for his beauty stands out and amazes,
but is discreet and keeps a secret
that I rest in him knowing that he is loyal.

What is the secret that he kept?
It would be indiscreet to tell.
Not a little work would it take to know
secrets of a man with a woman.
He was born in Lavapies.
Eh! Eh! He is a majo, a majo is he.

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